

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Democrats have done a good piece of work at Syracuse. The platform has again the remarkable merit of being plain, unadorned English. It quotes the Baltimore planks of 1872 calling for the maintenance of the public credit and a speedy return to specie payments, ascribes the existing depression in business to "the reaction from the excessive stimulus of an unhealthy, excessive, depreciated, and irredeemable currency, to enormous ill-adjusted municipal, State, and Federal taxation, and to extravagance, waste, and speculation in the administration of public affairs"; draws a dark, but not over-dark, picture of the evils that would result from further inflation; and then reproduces the terse summary of Democratic doctrine, as understood in New York, contained in the State platform of last year; and after a loud blast of the party horn in honor of Governor Tilden, presents a ticket, all things considered, of unusual excellence. It proposes Mr. John Bigelow for Secretary of State, who is well-known as former editor of the *Evening Post*, more recently Minister to France, and now Chairman of the Commission investigating the State canals; Mr. Lucius Robinson for Comptroller, who won so much honor by his paying the State interest in coin, in the teeth of much obloquy, when Comptroller in 1862. In 1863 he was again elected Comptroller on the Republican ticket, and has since lived in retirement. The candidate for the Attorney-Generalship is a young lawyer who is earning a good deal of credit in the prosecution of the Canal Ring; and the others are, if not equally well-known, thoroughly respectable. Mr. Van Buren, who is proposed for State Engineer, is now a member of the Investigating Commission.

The difficulties of the Republican press in dealing with both the platform and the ticket are very interesting, and are only equalled by its difficulty in dealing with Governor Tilden's pursuit of the Canal Ring. The position it has taken with regard to the latter is that all detection and prosecution of Canal thieves is mere vanity, if not wickedness, unless accompanied by the promulgation of a striking plan for the administration of the canals hereafter, and it deduces the covert immorality in the whole movement *à priori* from the inherent badness of Tilden's nature. Of the platform and ticket it can only say that the very goodness of both is simply a cover for a renewed assault on human rights and the Constitutional Amendments. The unwillingness of the Republicans to have the Democrats get good, in fact, reminds one of the old Connecticut deacon who told the young scamp who wanted to reform and join the church that there "wasn't any vacancy in his church just then, but that when there was he'd let him know."

What makes the position of the Democrats in this State so trying to Republicans is that they are doing what the Republicans have wholly failed to do—viz., producing a candidate for the Presidency whose pretensions are really formidable, and grow more formidable every month. Mr. Tilden had already fixed attention on himself in the fight against the Ring in this city by his wonderful adroitness and energy in accumulating proof of Tweed's guilt; and in his assault on the Canal thieves, he is overthrowing a combination which has really for years governed the State—or, in other words, doing what none of his predecessors ever showed the slightest sign of doing or capacity for doing. In addition to this, or perhaps through this, he has, all accounts agree, obtained almost despotic control of the party, and is using it to purify the nominations. The present ticket is emphatically his, and the appearance of Mr. Bigelow on it, after having decidedly refused a similar offer from the Republicans, is a sign of the times which no good Republican can contemplate

without anguish. The explanation of this rise of Tilden is not far to seek. He has few of the external elements of popularity, but he has most of the others. His bodily presence is weak. The female Washington correspondents of the semi-religious press used to speak with great admiration of the effect of Mr. Conkling's "magnificent torso" in the Senate. Mr. Tilden has no "torso" worth mention, but he has a subtle, strong brain and immense capacity for business, and a shrewd, homely eloquence, which does its work without mixed metaphors, and he has prodigious experience as "a manager." In this art he could probably give all the Custom-house men daily lessons without neglecting his own duties. During the anti-slavery struggle or the sentimental period of politics, his incapacity to estimate the force of sentiment—or, in fact, the force of any purely moral ideas—kept him in the background and in pretty constant error and miscalculation. But with the advent of the business period he has rapidly and irresistibly come to the front, for, as a business man, he has probably few equals. In the kind of storms with which we are now threatened he will probably march over the mountain waves, which is rather mortifying for his rival, Mr. Conkling, who finds his "torso" and his rhetoric put away, even by his own party, in the lumber-room.

The call of Mr. Schurz, immediately after his arrival in this country, by the Ohio Republican Committee, to stump the State against Allen, is a curious sign of the times. Three years ago, when he began to draw attention to the abuses and tendencies which were then preparing the ruin of the party, part of the regular morning work of an "organ" was to vilify and deride him, and the Mortons and Logans and Conklings used to wag their heads in a wise, knowing way at the notion that "the great party" could be hurt by such puny assaults, and used to talk as if it was a good thing for men like Schurz to leave it. He had last winter, too, to bear the main brunt of the attacks made on the public credit by Republican senators, whose speeches are now being used as campaign documents by the inflationists in Pennsylvania and Ohio. One cannot help thinking now, however, that the bungling of the Republican chiefs with the currency, and the efforts of some of them to play fast and loose with it, are likely to prove blessings in disguise, by enabling it to get rid of them.

Massachusetts has always had a good, and at times a brilliant, reputation for the ability and statesmanship of the politicians she has produced. It cannot be said, however, that a continuance of this reputation is to be inferred from the list of her eminent men of the last ten years. Governor Andrew was the last public leader of enlightened and comprehensive views she has produced; his successors, though respectable in character, were in no way fitted to make the State take her proper place. The two prominent candidates for Governor, meanwhile, have been General Butler and Dr. George B. Loring; while at Washington the State has been represented most prominently by Messrs. Boutwell and Richardson, who, between them, managed to get the currency into such a condition that Mr. Boutwell is forced into the position of denouncing in the Ohio canvass the very policy which he himself introduced into the Treasury; by Mr. Dawes, the "watch-dog" of Mr. Boutwell's department, who owes his seat in great measure to the favor of General Butler, obtained while the General was fastening his leech, Sanborn, upon the public purse; by Oakes Ames, who employed his talents in bribing Congressmen to help him get money of the Government for the Pacific railroads; and by the Messrs. Hoar, who have defended a policy toward the South which the Administration has been forced by public opinion to abandon. Meanwhile, the men who have really done the State honor, whether in the war or in the public service, have been steadily thrust into the background, and it has been left to the "papers" to recall their forgotten

claims to the people whom they have faithfully and modestly served. Much as has been said, and justly, of the lowness of New York politics, we doubt if any party in this State would dare to put forward as a candidate such a man as Dr. Loring.

Governor Ames, of Mississippi, is experiencing great difficulties, on which we have commented elsewhere, in his efforts to procure "more troops." He first tried to get them under the President's old proclamation of nine months ago, and failing this asked for them because the legislature could not be convened "in time" to meet the emergency. Mr. Pierrepont then asked him by telegraph on the 10th some disagreeable questions about the nature of "the emergency," but could get no satisfactory answer, and finally on the 14th inst. wrote him a letter, which to an old carpet-bagger must have been very distracting. He quotes the President as saying that "the whole public was tired out with these annual autumnal outbreaks at the South, and that the majority was ready to condemn any interference on the part of the Government," and suggesting "that Governor Ames should exhaust his own resources before receiving Government aid." Mr. Pierrepont then calls the Governor's attention to the fact that he (Pierrepont) has no proof, and no allegation even, that the legislature cannot be called together, and that, if called together, it would not support any measures Ames might propose to preserve public order; and he promises him troops when he has complied with the requirements of the Constitution, by either summoning the legislature or doing his best to suppress his "domestic violence" with the State forces. Ames, however, begs for the troops, and declares his willingness to have "the odium in all its magnitude descend on him," which must be satisfactory to the Administration.

The friends of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn had determined, with that extraordinary fatuity which has all along marked their treatment of the Scandal, to hire the Academy of Music and give him a big reception when he came home from the Mountains, as an expression of "their just pride in the reputation he had deservedly won in his own and foreign lands, as far as Christian civilization extends." He has, however, very judiciously declined the proffered honor, for reasons which are none the less sensible or forcible for being enveloped in the peculiar rhetoric which the late trial has made famous. He thinks it would "tend to keep alive feelings that ought to subside, to renew discussions of painful public transactions which should never have had an existence, and which it were well, both for public and for private good, to have removed, if not to forgetfulness, at least to obscurity." We must say we think this argument tells with equal force against Mr. Beecher's mode of passing his summer. The notion that anything worthy of the name of religion could be spread abroad under the conditions attendant on the exercises at the Twin Mountain House is simply another result of the moral and mental miasma which produced the Scandal itself. The first sign of sanitary improvement in and about Plymouth Church will be the retirement of pastor and congregation as far as may be from the public gaze, and the general subsidence of vindictory zeal and activity.

The trial of Harrington for the Safe robbery disclosed a very corrupt state of things in the District of Columbia, but the retirement of District-Attorney Fisher, which has just taken effect, shows how much more the District resembled this city under the Ring than any one imagined. Fisher's son and late assistant has been arrested on the charge of abstracting from the office important papers, including warrants, informations, and appeal-bonds, mostly in prosecutions for selling liquor without license and other finable offences, but also in some criminal cases. Apparently, his object was to extort money. It is also alleged that in the case of a burglar he first released him by getting up a counterfeit responsible bail and then divided his plunder with him. There seems to be no doubt about his guilt. He made little concealment of his operations, and many of the missing papers have been traced to him and recovered.

The gold market continues to command unusual attention, not simply from Wall Street but from the mercantile community. Early in the year intelligent observers expressed the opinion that there might be serious trouble before the year was out on account of a reduction in the supply of gold in the market and in the Treasury. The reasons which supported this opinion were: (1) that the specie shipments to settle trade-indebtedness would be unusually large unless Europe took an extraordinary amount of our securities during the summer; (2) that if the Secretary held to the opinion that the 5-20 bonds bought in excess of sinking-fund requirements from the time Mr. Boutwell was secretary until now could not be entered to the account of the Sinking Fund, and that accordingly \$30,000,000 additional bonds must be redeemed each year, the calling and redemption of these bonds would compel us to send to Europe, where a good part of the called bonds were held, a still further large amount of specie; and (3) that if Mr. Bristow attempted to carry out that section of the Sherman bill which authorized him to part with gold to secure silver to be coined and substituted for fractional currency, it would inevitably follow that in the specie shipments gold would take the place of silver to the amount which represented the silver held by the Government for coinage purposes. Unfortunately, Europe during the past six months has not taken from us as many of our securities as have been returned to us from there by reason of the Treasury redemptions of 5-20 bonds; and we have been compelled to ship as large an amount of specie as it was feared we might be. The Treasury, too, has bought \$15,000,000 of silver, which might have been exported without any more inconvenience to the country than the export of the same amount of merchandise, and the gold sent in its place saved. The result has been that the stock of gold in the Treasury has been brought down, while that in the market is probably now not over \$7,000,000.

The smallness of the stock of gold in the market furnishes abundant explanation of the high premium on gold, and of what is of still greater importance to mercantile interests—the distressing rates which obtain for its use; and these rates explain the unsettled condition of the foreign-exchange market, which has already become sufficiently bad to block practically the export trade. Looking about for relief, it is seen that none can be obtained from the Treasury, even if were desirable that it should come from that source, and that gold must be imported in order to furnish a sufficient supply of the money of the world to facilitate transactions in foreign exchange—that is, to permit of the sale of bills against shipments, which cannot otherwise be made, of grain, cotton, etc., which Europe is ready to buy, and wants. Accordingly, the rates of exchange have fallen during the week to the point which permits gold imports. Bankers estimate the amount of gold thus far sent from London at about \$1,500,000, but more is expected—in fact, more is necessary to enable us to move such staple crops as cotton. With these commercial reasons for the price of gold, it will be seen that political considerations have not had much chance to make themselves felt. At the Stock Exchange speculation has been restricted. The tendency was to lower prices until the latter part of the week, when it was reversed. The money market is becoming firmer, and with the steady reduction in the bank reserve now going on, a 6 to 7 per cent. market is expected in a few weeks. The only thing that can prevent it will be stagnation in trade, and from present appearances trade will be good unless upset by the disturbances growing out of the gold market.

The Guibord case in Canada still excites discussion, and the more it is discussed, the worse figure the Church cuts in it. It appears that a literary society—the Institut Canadien—got into a quarrel with the Bishop over their library, which he said contained infidel or immoral books, one of them thus objected to being something of Horace Greeley's on religious liberty. They appealed to Rome against him; but the Papal Court took no notice of the matter until the Bishop went over himself, and he was then allowed to

send home a decision in favor of himself and against the Institut in a pastoral letter; and he ordered his priests to refuse the members the sacraments, even in the article of death, for having such a library, and for publishing or reading an 'Annuaire' of 1853. The Society, therefore, gave up the 'Annuaire,' and declared by resolution that "they were a purely literary and scientific body and taught no doctrine of any kind, and carefully excluded all teaching of pernicious doctrine." This, instead of pacifying the Bishop, enraged him; for this resolution, he declared, "established the principle of religious toleration, which had been the principal ground of the condemnation of the Institut." Guibord died in 1869 without the sacraments; his wife sought to have him buried in the cemetery, which was not then consecrated, but was refused, and after much vexation she became insane, and died also; but the Institut carried the case up to the Privy Council, which decided that under the old French ecclesiastical law, to which the Bishop had appealed, and which had been reserved by the Treaty of Cession to Great Britain, Guibord, if not excommunicated, was entitled to burial in the Catholic burying-ground; and they decided that under the canon law he had not been excommunicated, as in order to deprive a person of his ecclesiastical rights excommunication must be formal and personal, and cannot reach a man as a member of a category. While the case was before the Privy Council the church consecrated the cemetery, hoping thus to make its case stronger, and since the decision the Bishop has tried to escape its effects by declaring his intention to curse that portion of the cemetery in which Guibord may be interred. In the meantime, it has been discovered that only twenty-three men of the Montreal police can be relied on to put down a religious riot. It is worthy of note that the Bishop assumes in this controversy that a Catholic has no right to belong to a club whose library may contain books of which he (the Bishop) pleases to disapprove, even though he does not read them, or to a society which agrees to exclude the teaching or recognition of religious doctrine.

The Papal Nuncio at Madrid, who is, strictly speaking, the ambassador of a foreign prince, has just addressed a circular to the bishops within the kingdom which furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which the Church adapts its pretensions to its surroundings. We have as yet, it is true, only a telegraphic summary of it, but there can hardly be room for much error in stating its leading points. It claims the fulfilment of the concordat with the Spanish Government which forbids the worship of any non-Catholic denomination, and demands the transfer of the superintendence of popular education to the clergy, and the aid of the secular power in suppressing heretical teaching and literature, and declares that one of the causes of the civil war is the way in which religious unity has been misunderstood by previous governments. The address of the Nuncio directly to the Bishops, without the intervention of the Government to which he is accredited, is perhaps as daring an assertion of the Pope's claim to *imperium in imperio* as has been witnessed for a long while. Consequently, the only way to stop such things, and to bring the clergy in countries like Spain, where they have long enjoyed a sort of superiority to the law, to a realizing sense of their subjection to it, and to prevent their attempting to exercise an influence on politics hostile to the law, is the Bismarckian way. It undoubtedly seems hard to put bishops in jail, or expel them from the country for issuing circulars; but then it is not necessary to do it often. A few cases are all that is needed. As soon as it is found that the Government and the police are not frightened by cursing, the representative of God on earth dwindles into a plain citizen, who goes about his business like other people—silently, moderately, and with proper respect for the secular rights of his fellows, and keeps to himself whatever claims he may have to the government of the world.

When the late M. Coquerel passed away, he left his co-religionaries, the Liberal French Protestants, in great distress of mind. Our readers may remember that the last French Ministry but one

chose to insist upon the powers of the orthodox Synod over the whole French Protestant body. As a consequence, it refused to confirm the election of Liberal pastors when conducted in disregard of an oath or shibboleth which the Synod sought to impose. New elections had been ordered when the Ministry went out of office, but M. Wallon, the new Minister of Public Worship, suspended them, and submitted the question of the legality of the elections to the Council of State. The Council has been very tardy in acting on it (it has had since March last to reach it or to make up its mind), and, meantime, in the Liberal parishes services have been suspended, and the complete uncertainty as to their future has caused the greatest anxiety. This has now been relieved for the present by M. Wallon, who consents to cut the knot by a provisional confirmation of the pastors whose election is contested, provided that the consistories explicitly ask for it, and in each case acknowledge the arrangement to be purely temporary and in no way hampering the final decision of the Government. The compromise has been very gratefully accepted by the Liberals. Whether there is to be one or two Reformed Churches now depends on the Council and perhaps on M. Guillaume Guizot.

Marshal MacMahon has done a good thing, and one which seems likely to have an excellent political effect, in dealing promptly with a very gross case of insubordination in the navy. Admiral de la Roncière-le-Noury, in command of the squadron in the Mediterranean, wrote a letter in reply to an invitation to a Bonapartist reunion, in which he declared in substance that his adhesion to the existing régime was only temporary; and, in substance, that he would support Marshal MacMahon as long as his administration gave him (the Admiral) satisfaction. Whereupon he was promptly ordered to strike his flag, and placed on the retired list. There could be nothing more dangerous in a country situated as France is than a disposition on the part of the army and navy to mix themselves up in politics and form preferences between governments. If this were once allowed to grow up, the reduction of the country to the condition of Spain would be only a question of time. Besides giving a most important lesson in discipline, the Marshal has of course by this act greatly conciliated the Republicans, and it will go far to convince men of all parties that they have at last got an honest man at the head of the administration.

The news from Herzegovina is again conflicting, and is likely to be so for some time. There is evidently no considerable or organized body of insurgents in the field. The Turkish troops probably have things their own way wherever they move, but small guerilla parties have occasional successes, probably often against civilian Turks and Turkish villages, which keep hope and excitement alive. The foreign consuls are said to be making strong efforts at mediation, but are unsuccessful, owing to the simple fact that the insurgents have no responsible head whose authority is acknowledged or can make itself felt by the various bands. The news of late, it will be observed, comes now mainly from Servia, where there is a strong party intent on driving the Principality into hostilities with Turkey, but it has thus far only succeeded in carrying a non-committal address to the Prince in the legislature. If it be true, as is likely, that the Turks have now 50,000 men in Bosnia, the cause of the insurrection, in default of outside interference, is hopeless. Its only chance of success lay in bringing about a serious rising, and committing Servia and Montenegro before Turkey could reach the ground with reinforcements or Austria could interfere. The English and Continental press still discuss the affair with great animation, all being agreed that something must shortly be done about Turkey; but the only proposal that thus far has met with much favor is that Bosnia and Herzegovina should have a semi-independent administration, which would, of course, as in the case of Servia and Roumania, be simply a preliminary to total separation—a fact which the Ottoman Government perceives clearly.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is becoming every day clearer that the two great political parties are likely to go to pieces on the financial question, in spite of the efforts of both to prevent it, and that next year, whatever may be the result of the pending elections, there will be substantially two new parties—one for inflation and one for resumption. What they will be called, or, if still called Republican and Democratic, as we presume they will be, which will be which, it would be difficult to say with confidence, but the chances are that the resumptionists will be Republicans and the inflationists Democrats, if those names are preserved. But then neither party will be what it is now. The present Republican leaders, for instance, must necessarily "take back seats," and there will be a large accession to its ranks of persons who, while opposed to its policy in times past on Southern questions, are frightened by the vagaries of the "soft-money men" and their influence in the Democratic party. In fact, the process of "taking back seats" may be said to have been begun the other day at Saratoga, and one of its first victims was, as might have been expected, Mr. Conkling. In 1872, this gentleman was the acknowledged manager of the Republican party in this State, and its greatest man. He stumped it so successfully that year against poor Greeley that he was said by the party organs to "have left a line of light" behind him wherever he went, and he was sent back to the Senate as a matter of course, and became a great power at the White House. Two years later, the State went the other way by 50,000 majority; and this year he had actually to be kept out of sight at the State Convention, in order to enable the party to make a decent appearance before the public. Hope of victory there was and is none; and yet Mr. Conkling is neither worse nor better, wiser nor more foolish, in 1875 than he was in 1872. His career is an excellent illustration of the way in which the party has reached its present plight.

The men who took charge of it at the close of the war as the old chiefs who conducted the war died, or were deposed or grew old, were generally second-rate men, who rose to the surface by dexterity simply in the period of "management" which, in party history, follows the period of enthusiasm. They had not and did not need to have any marked qualities beyond skill at conventions and glibness in the use of Republican phraseology about "human rights" and "national integrity." Many were converted Democrats, like Butler and Boutwell; others were adventurers flushed with the fame of country court-rooms; but none of them needed to pass through any rude or searching ordeal either as to feeling or opinion or character in order to get into the highest places. Mr. Conkling was one of this latter class, and he re-entered the Senate with the air and power of a Webster or a Calhoun, without ever having uttered a word on any subject which a single human being would have cared to weigh or remember. Now, to these men it was a matter of life and death to keep the party occupied with and concerned about the pacification of the South, to represent the pacification of the South as a gigantic job, which this generation would hardly see accomplished, and a job which would have to be done by Congressional legislation. This was the subject with which they were most familiar, and on which they had won their little oratorical triumphs and had climbed into office, and about which they thought the popular excitement was greatest and likely to last longest. When the Ku-klux operations began, it seemed as if the madness of the South would make their fortunes secure, and indefinitely prolong their hold on the Government.

The consequence of this was that the party, as a party, took no hold whatever of the national problems which the war had left for solution. Its attention was deliberately turned away from the abuses of taxation and administration and currency which the war had created, and which needed to be promptly dealt with after the war was over, in order not to become chronic maladies. The newer men who sought to occupy themselves with them were sneered at or discouraged or treated with suspicion. Mr. David A. Wells, whose reports, whatever their faults, had the inestimable

merit of attracting attention to the questions of national currency and taxation which lie at the basis of all healthy politics, was summarily kicked out of the Treasury as soon as he began to be much talked about, and the Treasury itself was put into the hands of a man without financial knowledge or experience, or general ideas, or capacity for reasoning, and thoroughly hardened in the tricks of political chicane. Civil-service reform, owing to the exertions of a few enthusiasts, was pushed so hard that it obtained slight but derisive recognition by a bill, meant to be a sham, authorizing the President to appoint a commission, and by a plank in a Presidential platform; but every attempt to treat it seriously was summarily suppressed and ridiculed. In the meantime, everything that could be done was done to magnify the insecurity of life and property at the South, and the malignity of Southern discontent. The plan of making Southern discontent appear perennial and dangerous in the eyes of the North was, however, frustrated by two things—one, the operations of the carpet-baggers, and the other the return to the Southern whites of that political wisdom which, in spite of the great slavery hallucination, has never wholly deserted them, and has, we believe, now been the means of preventing the gradual conversion of the Federal Administration into a huge machine for the government of conquered provinces.

In the meantime, however, there was one question behind the party which could not be ignored or put out of sight, and which, as all history has shown, was the most explosive question with which a politician can be called on to deal—we mean the condition of the currency. This is the one political question which touches every heart and every interest, about which passions are fiercest and prejudices blindest, and on which knaves and demagogues fasten most eagerly. The only safety lay, after the war, in taking it up fearlessly before the knaves and demagogues found out the mine there was in it, treating the greenbacks as a pressing debt, and calling on the still fervid patriotism of the North to make one more sacrifice to the country by paying it off. A man who took this sane and healthy view of the matter, Mr. McCulloch, got into the Treasury during Andrew Johnson's administration, and in a moment of inadvertence the party chiefs allowed him to have his own way; but as soon as it was found that he was pushing the currency question to the front and making it a "burning question," he was summarily shorn of his power. His successor, Mr. Boutwell, was actually allowed to inflate the currency in his own discretion, and was allowed, without rebuke, to claim the right of inflating it as a useful appurtenance of the office of Secretary of the Treasury. In this way we drifted into the panic of 1873, and then the crash came. At the first touch of financial distress, the mad fever of inflation burst out, and the Republican party then found that the most important question of this century, after slavery, had passed out of its hands, and had become an open question, and was likely to prove its ruin. After a few frantic but vain turns of the Southern "outrage" crank, it has tried to face the difficulty, but it is evidently too late. The party is divided on it; among the chiefs there is not a single man who is an authority on it, or has studied it, or can speak about it with great weight, or has made any particular mark about it, while there are but few who have not dilly-dallied over it and been double-faced about it. The question, in fact, is not a Republican question; the Democrats have just as much claim to it; and the result is chaos. There is something, indeed, ludicrously odd in some of the scenes in the crisis. With the national credit and the business of the country in peril or suspense, awaiting the result of the elections, Conkling has to be hidden in a garret, and Boutwell, the great author of "the reserve" and the very father of inflation, is sent out to stump Ohio on behalf of hard money.

The duty of the independent voter under these circumstances is of course somewhat difficult to determine. No general rule can be laid down about it. Neither party is sound on the currency question. Among the chiefs on both sides, there has been shameful evasiveness and double-dealing about it. The Republican party is fairly and directly responsible for the present state of things, and the Democrats would be entitled to its place if they were not,

on their side, abandoning the position they held at the beginning of the war, and making a wonderful display not simply of incompetency on this delicate subject, but of general recklessness and dishonesty. The safest course, therefore, for a man sincerely desirous of saving the national credit, and warding off frightful commercial disorder, would seem to be to vote in his own State for whichever party is soundest and most straightforward with regard to the duty and expediency of resumption. In any particular State, the important thing is not that the Republican or the Democratic ticket should be elected, but that that ticket should be elected the triumph of which will give most confidence and encouragement to the party of hard money all over the Union. In this State, most assuredly, Mr. Tilden and his friends have claims on public confidence just now which it would be impossible to concede to Conkling, Murphy, Bliss, Gardner, and the other Custom-house publicists whose career is now drawing to a close; but then it must also be said that any one who distrusts Tilden and his friends on the ground of their antecedents cannot go wrong in voting for the Republican candidates. In either case, his vote will tell in favor of the return to honest finance at an early date.

THE NEW VIEW OF "DOMESTIC VIOLENCE."

THE correspondence between Attorney-General Pierrepont and Governor Ames of Mississippi is both entertaining and instructive. It is one of those incidents in politics which shed light in every direction, on the past as well as on the present and future, especially when taken in connection with the resolution of the recent Republican Convention in this State condemning military interference in the Southern States, except in cases clearly provided for by the Constitution. When the carpet-bag governors, aided by the United States Marshal, began a year ago to get up "outrages" and call for Federal aid, all attempts to get the Government at Washington to bear in mind the constitutional restrictions on Federal interference in State affairs were idle. Troops were despatched in all directions, without preliminary enquiry, on the click of the telegraph. They were used in Louisiana to organize the State Legislature and to discharge ordinary police duties in the interior, and at last matters reached such a pass that a military officer of high rank, who had been sent down to examine the situation, recommended the general outlawry and delivery to military execution, by Presidential proclamation, of whole classes of American citizens, and this was subsequently justified by a Republican speaker of high standing—an ex-Cabinet officer—in the Connecticut canvass, as a legitimate expression of official indignation. Finally, the troops were sent up to Vicksburg to settle, and they did settle, by force of arms, a dispute between two candidates for the office of sheriff such as comes before the courts on a *quo warranto*. Behind these more open and flagrant violations of law, there was going on, preparatory to the election, a system of wholesale arrests of white citizens by parties of cavalry on the charges of "intimidating" negroes, which from their very nature were incapable of disproof. There can be no more vague term than "intimidation."

There was no doubt at the time in our minds that all this was part of an electioneering scheme on a great scale, for which the Force Acts and the Attorney-General's office were to supply, and did supply, the machinery. A number of Republican politicians in Washington had got it into their heads that the safety of the country required that the Southern States should be held by the Republican party, and that the way to secure this was to keep up a semi-military rule under civil forms in the States lately in rebellion. To make the plan the more complete and safe, it was backed up by the theory, which was studiously preached, that the President was a simple-minded soldier, who sat quietly at the White House executing such laws as Congress supplied him with, under the advice of the legal sage in charge of the Department of Justice, but who had no feeling or opinion of his own about the matter one way or the other. It so happened, however, that the legal sage was chosen by General Grant himself, and kept in office with something

that looked very like keen appreciation of his peculiar abilities. The Attorney-General's opinions ran, in fact, all the one way. The freedom of his "legal mind" from doubts was one of the most remarkable incidents of the crisis. Somehow, it seemed to him that all *states* of facts and *all* emergencies called for the despatch of troops. More remarkable still, as soon as the opinion of the country, as expressed through the press and the fall elections, emphatically condemned the semi-military régime, Mr. Williams was allowed to resign, and "the outrages" ceased. The negroes were no longer murdered or intimidated; quiet began to prevail all over the South; and this spring the murderers and their victims—the banditti who passed their days "intimidating" and the negroes who, according to Mr. Dawes, never went to bed without expecting to find their throats cut in the morning, and therefore, presumably, lay awake all night—managed between them to plant a crop of cotton, to say nothing of corn, which is now estimated at 3,833,000 bales. A more remarkable performance is, under all the circumstances, not to be found in the annals of industry.

Under the new Attorney-General there has been no revival of outrages; but his manner of dealing with the late disturbances in Mississippi brings out in sharp relief the peculiar characteristics of the system in use in Mr. Williams's day. There is a riot at a public meeting of the usual Southern type, beginning in a quarrel between two men, and ending in the killing of several and the "intimidation" of a good many more. Such incidents have been common at the South ever since the settlement of the country. What people used to say about them was that they were the product of a low state of civilization, to be cured by time, religion, and education; but the Republican theory of them in the Williams period was that they were the beginning of a general insurrection against both the State and Federal Governments, and therefore called for a prompt application of martial law. In that period, too, it was always held that it was the governor, and not the legislature (or not the governor *and* the legislature), who constituted the government of the State, and his applications, therefore, always received prompt attention. He was not questioned as to the nature of the crisis or as to his ability to convene the legislature. Accordingly, Governor Ames first asked whether the State was not *de jure* in a condition of insurrection or domestic violence, under a proclamation issued nine months ago—one of the theories of the Williams period, propounded during the troubles at New Orleans, being that when the President had proclaimed a State as assailed by domestic violence, the effect of the proclamation would be indefinitely extended, so as to cover all fresh disturbances. He learned from Washington that this novel but convenient view had been abandoned. He then, but not until then, apparently looked into the Constitution, and reported that domestic violence was raging around him, but that the legislature could not be convened "in time" to judge whether Federal help was needed, and therefore he demanded it himself, and immediately. It will be observed that the cunning rogue put in the phrase "in time" himself. The Constitution does not contain it. The theory of its framers clearly was that the domestic violence which the United States was to help to put down was to be violence so great that the State forces, after a fair effort, could not suppress it, and therefore likely to be so protracted that the State legislature would have ample time to meet and consider what had best be done, and that the governor was only to act alone when the violence was so widespread and serious that the members of the legislature could not reach a common place of meeting. But the carpet-bag governors have held that they might have the Federal aid whenever, in their opinion, the disturbance would be over before the legislature could assemble, and on this view Mr. Williams always acted. Mr. Pierpont, however, approached the matter in a different way. He got the troops ready, but then put to Governor Ames a question before which the whole carpet-bag theory of Federal duties dissolved at once. He asked him: "Is there such an insurrection against the State government as cannot be put down by the State military

forces, aided by all the other powers of the State government and the aid of true citizens?" To this enquiry, sent on the morning of the 10th inst., the Governor, although the emergency was so pressing that the State legislature could not be convened "in time," returned no answer until late on the night of the 11th, and then it came in the shape of a rambling, evasive despatch, putting the trouble on the peculiar relations of the two races, but not furnishing the required facts. The troops have accordingly not been sent, and the domestic violence is fading away.

It is hardly necessary to point out the bearing this has on the occurrences of last year. It shows clearly that the President and his advisers, and his stump-orators, and his military commissioners were wrong at that period, both as regards their own duty and the rights of Southern citizens, and it shows that those who then, at the cost of much obloquy, criticised them so severely, were doing exactly what the occasion called for, and that what they did has borne fruit.

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT.

THE death which we briefly noticed last week reminds us most sadly of the law, that to be an effective great man one needs to have many qualities great. If power of analytic intellect pure and simple could suffice, the name of Chauncey Wright would assuredly be as famous as it is now obscure, for he was not merely the great mind of a village—if Cambridge will pardon the expression—but either in London or Berlin he would, with equal ease, have taken the place of master which he held with us. The reason why he is now gone without leaving any work which his friends can consider as a fair expression of his genius, is that his shyness, his want of ambition, and to a certain degree his indolence, were almost as exceptional as his power of thought. Had he, in early life, resolved to concentrate these and make himself a physicist, for example, there is no question but that his would have ranked to-day among the few first living names. As it was, he preferred general criticism and contemplation, and became something resembling more a philosopher of the antique or Socratic type than a modern *Gelehrter*. His best work has been done in conversation; and in the acts and writings of the many friends he influenced his spirit will, in one way or another, as the years roll on, be more operative than it ever was in direct production. Born at Northampton in 1830, graduating at Harvard in 1852, he left us in the plenitude of his powers. His outward work is limited to various articles in the *North American Review* (one of which Mr. Darwin thought important enough to reprint as a pamphlet in England), a paper or two in the Transactions of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a number of critical notices in our own pages—the latest of these being the article entitled "German Darwinism," which we published only two weeks ago. As a writer, he was defective in the shaping faculty—he failed to emphasize the articulations of his argument, to throw a high light, so to speak, on the important points; so that many a casual peruser has probably read on and never noticed the world of searching consequences which lurked involved in some inconspicuously placed word. He spent many years in computing for the *Nautical Almanac* and from time to time accepted some pedagogic work. He gave a course of University lectures on psychology in Harvard College in 1871, and last year he conducted there a course in mathematical physics. As little of a reader as an educated man well can be, he yet astonished every one by his omniscience, for no specialist could talk with Chauncey Wright without receiving some sort of instruction in his specialty. This was due to his irrepressible spontaneous habit of subtle thinking. Every new fact he learned set his whole mental organism in motion, and reflection did not cease till the novel thought was firmly woven with the entire system of his knowledge. Of course in this process new conclusions were constantly evolved, and many a man of science who hoped to surprise him with news of a discovery has been himself surprised by finding it already constructed by Wright from data separately acquired in this or that conversation with one or other of the many scholars of Cambridge or Boston, most of whom he personally knew so well.

In philosophy, he was a worker on the path opened by Hume, and a treatise on psychology written by him (could he have been spared and induced to undertake the drudgery) would probably have been the last and most accomplished utterance of what he liked to call the British school. He would have brought the work of Mill and Bain for the present to a conclusion. Of the two motives to which philosophic systems owe their being, the craving for consistency or unity in thought, and the desire for a solid

outward warrant for our emotional ends, his mind was dominated only by the former. Never in a human head was contemplation more separated from desire. Schopenhauer, who defined genius as a cognitive faculty uncommitted from the service of the will, would have found in him an even stronger example of his definition than he cared to meet. For to Wright's mode of looking at the universe such ideas as pessimism or optimism were alike simply irrelevant. Whereas most men's interest in a thought is proportioned to its possible relation to human destiny, with him it was almost the reverse. When the mere actuality of phenomena will suffice to describe them, he held it pure excess and superstition to speak of a metaphysical whence or whither, of a substance, a meaning, or an end. Just as in cosmogony he preferred Mayer's theory to the nebular hypothesis, and in one of his earliest *North American Review* articles used the happy phrase, "cosmical weather," to describe the irregular dissipation and aggregation of worlds; so, in contemplating the totality of being, he preferred to think of phenomena as the result of a sort of ontologic weather, without inward rationality, an aimless drifting to and fro, from the midst of which relatively stable and so (for us) rational combinations may emerge. The order we observe in things needs explanation only on the supposition of a preliminary or potential disorder; and this he pointed out is, as things actually are orderly, a gratuitous notion. Anaxagoras, who introduced into philosophy the notion of the *vous*, also introduced with it that of an antecedent chaos. But if there be no essential chaos, Mr. Wright used to say, an anti-chaotic *vous* is superfluous. He particularly condemned the idea of substance as a metaphysical idol. When it was objected to him that there must be some principle of oneness in the diversity of phenomena—some glue to hold them together and make a universe out of their mutual independence, he would reply that there is no need of a glue to join things unless we apprehend some reason why they should fall asunder. Phenomena are grouped—more we cannot say of them. This notion that the actuality of a thing is the absolute totality of its being was perhaps never grasped by any one with such thoroughness as by him.

However different a philosophy one may hold from his, however one may deem that the lack of emotional bias which left him contented with the mere principle of parsimony as a criterion of universal truth was really due to a defect in the active or impulsive part of his mental nature, one must value none the less his formulae. For as yet philosophy has celebrated hardly any stable achievements. The labors of philosophers have, however, been confined to deepening enormously the philosophic consciousness, and revealing more and more minutely and fully the import of metaphysical problems. In this preliminary task ontologists and phenomenologists, mechanists and teleologists, must join friendly hands, for each has been indispensable to the work of the other, and the only foe of either is the common foe of both—namely, the practical, conventionally thinking man, to whom, as has been said, nothing has true seriousness but personal interests, and whose dry earnestness in those is only excelled by that of the brute, which takes everything for granted and never laughs.

Mr. Wright belonged to the precious band of genuine philosophers, and among them few can have been as completely disinterested as he. Add to this eminence his tireless amiability, his beautiful modesty, his affectionate nature and freedom from egotism, his childlike simplicity in worldly affairs, and we have the picture of a character of which his friends feel more than ever now the elevation and the rarity.

AN ALSATIAN SAINT.

STRASBOURG, August 24, 1875.

I WOULD recommend all those who stop for a few days at Strasbourg to take the railway as far as Obernai, and from there to ascend the woody slopes of the Vosges to the top of the famous Hohenburg. The precipitous rocks of red sandstone which form the crest of the Vosges are covered with the buildings of the old convent of Saint Odile. From the terraces of the convent the view extends over the plain of Alsace; the spire of the Strasbourg Cathedral rises on the horizon, and behind the line of the Rhine you see the parallel chain of the Black Forest. There are few finer views; you understand, as you see the rich vineyards, the hop and tobacco fields, the yellow corn-fields, that these magnificent plains, covered with as fertile a loam as that of Egypt, has been often and will still be fought for; Alsace is, like Lombardy and Flanders, one of the great prizes of the struggle for life of nations.

I remember the Hohenburg when it was quite abandoned. It had become the property of a friend of mine, and as we once spent a night in the deserted cells of the convent we could hear the mice running quietly all night long. My friend sold the Hohenburg to the Bishop of Strasbourg,

the chapel was repaired, and there exists now a small congregation which lives altogether in the old establishment of Saint Odile. The monks work in the fields, in the forest, in the gardens; the sisters are chiefly devoted to the numerous pilgrims and to the travellers who come to enjoy, sometimes for a week or two, the pure air of the mountain. It can hardly be denied that the establishment, on the whole, savors more of the inn than of the convent. You are helped during the meals by sisters in their black gowns and white caps, in long, whitewashed refectories. There is a certain solemnity about the place, but the tourist element has become the most important: beer, cigars, Kirschwasser, are the order of the day, and the Alsatian nuns are reduced almost entirely to the rôle of inn-servants. The change has become even more striking since the conquest of Alsace, as the Hohenburg is one of the favorite promenades of the conquerors. Every day at twelve, which is here the dinner-hour, two tables are served in separate rooms, one for the French-speaking tourists and one for the Prussians, for all Germans still go under this formidable name. I asked the Lady Superior if the Hohenburg congregation had thus far not been disturbed by the Falk laws; she told me, with a smile, that they had been forgotten on their mountain, that thus far they had had no persecution to suffer. Everything goes on as in old times. There are days in the year when hundreds of peasants, with their wives and children, ascend the mountain, go to the miraculous well where Odile was refreshed by water pouring from the rock at the place where she put her hand; they contemplate the place where her knees made a hole in the sandstone, so often did she pray for the wicked lords of her family. Her bones are no longer shown to the pilgrims, as they obviously could not have belonged to a woman.

The legend of Saint Odile still exists, but it has been, so to speak, purified and improved. As Odile is the patroness of Alsace, you will understand at once its importance. Some Germans, or Germanizing writers, have tried to deny her existence. The death of Odile is commonly placed in the year 750; there are no authentic documents mentioning her in the eighth or ninth century. Hohenburg is mentioned for the first time in 837 in a *charta* of Louis le Débonnaire; this *charta* exists in the archives of Strasbourg, but the name of the first abbess is not mentioned in it. The son of Charlemagne merely confirms the privileges of the Hohenburg convent. Odile was not canonized at the time, and he does not mention her name. The legend of the saint did not crystallize until the twelfth century: it cannot be denied, however, that the pope (Leo IX.) came to Alsace in the year 1049, that the Hohenburg convent was aggrandized under the patronage of this Alsatian pope, and that on this occasion an authentic bull of 1050 mentions the canonization of Odile. Some German professors have pretended that the Alsatian pope was moved by family interests, and that the name of the Alsatian abbess was a convenience for him. This would prove, at any rate, that this name had a great prestige in the eyes of the population. It had become a synonym of purity, chastity, and sanctity in the most troublous times of the Middle Ages. The Alsatian pope was not an imbecile; he was a scholar well versed in ecclesiastical history. He was born in 1002, about 250 years after the supposed death of Odile; she belonged to his family, and her virtues had probably become a *titre de noblesse* for the house of Eguisheim-Dagsburg. Everybody believed at the time of his journey that Odile was buried on the Hohenburg, and her tomb was supposed to have a miraculous virtue. No opposition was made in the Catholic world when she was canonized, though the Franconian family, which then held the imperial throne, was not always friendly to the papacy. Historical science sometimes defeats its own object; the German school of critics has often proved that things never existed which afterwards were proved to have existed after all. A fact is a hard thing to suppress; to me it appears evident that Odile was a fact, that she did exist. This once admitted, the details of her legend are, in an historical sense, almost indifferent: her legend is not so, as the legend evidently embodies the best aspirations, the instincts and ideas of the age in which she lived, and which she impressed by the originality of her life. The tomb of Odile can no longer be seen, as it once could; and it may even be that nothing of her remains on the mountain. The Magyars plundered Hohenburg; the houses and chapels built under the last Merovingians and the first Carolingians have been replaced at later periods. One thing could not be touched by the Magyars, nor destroyed by the rains and winds: it was the memory of a daughter of a great Alsatian duke who, towards the end of the Merovingian period, left the castle of her father, the noise and revelry of the Alsatian nobles, and chose to live on the Hohenburg, which must have been then almost inaccessible. The road which now conducts to the summit of the mountain was only built a few years ago, and I have never made the ascension except by foot-paths among the old fir-trees.

The contrast between the passions of men and the serenity of nature is an

eternal theme for poetry. I spent many hours yesterday on the great terrace of the Saint Odile Convent; I heard near me the playful voices of French children. Were they Alsatian or French? What will be their fate? Will they fight some day under the tricolor flag, or under the Prussian eagle? A German officer had opened a staff map, and he was studying the position of the villages, the direction of the roads, as carefully as if he had to give to-morrow the order of march for a battle. Two young French seminarists had come from Nancy to visit the miraculous well of Odile. Did they believe in it? did the spring of unbounded faith flow in their hearts? They seemed so happy; they asked many questions of me, and I could not help remembering the magnificent verses of Musset:

"O Christ, je ne suis pas de ceux que la prière
Amène à pas tremblants sous tes arceaux muets."

Who is right, and who is wrong? Is human life an empty show, like those clouds which were rolling over the distant mountain, and which vanished in the heat of the plain? Ivan Turgenev represents one of his heroes leaving heart-broken the town where he has lost everything, and murmuring in his railway car, "Smoke, smoke!" as he sees the swift and evanescent wreaths of smoke coming out of the engine. How long will two great, intellectual, and powerful races fight for the dominion of all the villages which are dotting the plain, of the silent fields, of the peaceful valley?

I came down the mountain by a by-road; I looked over the huge Celtic wall, the remains of the Roman road, which went straight over mountains and valleys, and I stopped a moment in an old forester's house. The old soldier is still there. Over his door are the curious horns of the deer, the tusks of the boars he has killed; his gun, which is not a Mauser or a Chassepot, but an old-fashioned gun which he has used for twenty years, and which seldom misses its mark, is carefully oiled, and hangs along the wall. I ask him for some wine; he will receive no pay from a Frenchman. The faithful dog comes and sits by my feet, as if he knew that I was a friend. He is no great politician, my old forester; he knows little about the Hohenzollerns or the Bourbons, or the Republic. He is a child in heart; he is honest and faithful, and he speaks of France as a child does of a mother. Would you have him eradicate from his heart the tender and mystic love which has grown slowly like the trees of the forest? Surely conquest is a horrible thing. The so-called superior races are the modern minotaurs; they devour human beings, human affections; they would justify the sneering irony of a Mephistopheles. The work of centuries is undone in a day on a single battle-field. Würth is not far off. I will not go to see it. I will not see the green places whose verdure has been made richer by blood. I will roam a little more among the ruins, see the curious old castles, Andlau, Spesburg, Giesbaden. There there is no longer any trace of violence, though all these places were the abode of violence; their dormant ruins speak of nothing but peace, and silence, and rest. Where are the fiery hearts which once beat under the massive walls? Nothing after all remains, nothing is eternal, but nature and the memory of those pure virtues, those lofty sentiments, which in this region have been for centuries embodied in the name of Odile. Fiction is sometimes more true than history.

Correspondence.

THE NEW GERMAN ECONOMISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article entitled "The New German Political Economy" (No. 532), I think you hardly do justice to the position and the claims of this school. In the first place, it is represented as being an outgrowth of the national awakening after the war of 1870, and I think most readers would understand it to be of very recent origin, and probably composed of very young men. Now, the copy of Roscher's 'Nationalökonomie' which lies before me is the ninth edition, published in 1871; the preface is dated Leipzig, 1854. That is to say, instead of being a young doctrinaire, Roscher has been for over twenty years the professor of political economy in the leading university of Germany, and is universally recognized as the first economist of Germany, and, since the death of Mill and Cairnes, I think he would be pretty generally recognized as the first economist living.

Again, I take exception to your expression: "It [this school] fancies it has made discoveries which must reduce Adam Smith and all his followers to comparative insignificance." I have never met with any such claims on their part. The following is what Roscher says of Adam Smith in his latest work, 'Geschichte der Nationalökonomie in Deutschland,' one of the great series of histories of the science published by the authority of the Historical Commission of Munich: "The entire history of doctrines of our science is to

he divided into two principal groups, before and after Adam Smith; so that everything earlier appears as preparation for him, everything later as development of him or opposition to him." Again: "Of the universal [welt-historische] tendencies which control the second half of the eighteenth century, six were harmoniously incorporated in his personality as in no other—so strong, so symmetrical, and so individual at the same time, that he may rank as the most important representative of this combination. I mean the new philosophy, scientific experimentalism [Empirismus], the advancement of material interests, the striving for political freedom, for social equality, and for cosmopolitan humanity." (I quote from a review in Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*.)

That the present German school has left behind it many of the practical conclusions of Adam Smith and his followers is no more true than that the leading English economists have done the same. They do not, however, like Mr. Carey, reject the foundation, but build a new structure upon it. Mr. Cairnes rejected the doctrine of *laissez-faire* quite as emphatically as Roscher. "There is no security," he says, "that the economic phenomena of society, as at present constituted, will always arrange themselves spontaneously in the way which is most for the common good. In other words, *laissez-faire* falls to the ground as a scientific doctrine" (Essays, p. 250). Again: "The policy in question, the policy of *laissez-faire*, has been steadily progressive for nearly half a century, and yet we have no sign of mitigation in the harshest features of our social state" (p. 249).

This truth, so strongly expressed by Mr. Cairnes, is the one seized upon by the German economists as the warrant for their view that the prevailing system is "wholly worthless for the explanation of the recent social problems" (Adolf Held, in the *Historische Zeitschrift*). I admit that, in their reaction against it, they appear sometimes to undervalue its scientific value as a basis for their practical discussions. But it is only "appear." I think the English economists themselves—certainly Mr. Mill or Mr. Cairnes—would be satisfied with the following statement as to the function of selfishness in human actions, by Prof. Schmoller of Strassburg, a younger and more radical thinker than Roscher: "Selfishness in political economy resembles the steam in the steam-engine; I cannot tell what it accomplishes until I know the pressure under which it works" ('Grundfragen des Rechts und der Volkswirtschaft,' p. 38).

This gives the key to the method of the "historical" or "realistic" school. It does not deny the conclusions of the English economists, admitting their premises. (Roscher pronounces Ricardo and Malthus "investigators and discoverers of the very first rank.") But it insists upon it that these conclusions are in practice far less near the reality than the English economists are accustomed to assume; and here Mr. Cairnes agrees with them. It follows, as Schmoller says, that "every practical economical discussion must start with the character of the people in question, the habits and conceptions within the period, the rank, the profession, and the place of which it speaks" (p. 37). So Mr. Cairnes, speaking of the science: "Its utility, with a view to the practical requirements of a country, will entirely depend upon what those requirements happen to be" ('Essays,' p. 241). Therefore, Schmoller goes on to say, economical freedom can only be a presumption "when one thinks of particular men, with particular habits and particular training. Adam Smith's 'Political Economy' did this. It argued from the educated trading middle-classes of England and Scotland in Adam Smith's time; it saw that from the abolition of obsolete economical laws dating from the Middle Age proceeded an active development of powers. Therefore, it said without qualification, constraint cripples public economy, freedom is its element, advances and frees every power. It was an exaggerated generalization of an unquestionably correct observation" (p. 47). Precisely what M. de Laveleye says, in the article referred to by you: "The free-traders defended a just cause with bad arguments, and a useful reform with lame axioms."

W. F. ALLEN.

MADISON, WIS., Sept. 12.

[We have also received a letter on this subject from Mr. Brinton Cox, which is devoted to the defence of Dr. Roscher, by means of extracts from his latest work, against the charges of socialism, of undervaluing Adam Smith or the English economists, of discarding deduction in economical enquiries, and of substituting State interference for competition. Although we have put it in type, we are unable to find space for it, and think it hardly necessary to publish it. We were wrong in using Roscher's name so prominently as the representative of the new school; we did so by way of meeting the extraordinary conclusions which the writer in the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle* had drawn from his latest book, which we had

not seen. But quotations from his works do not furnish an answer to what we have said about the new German political economists. Their nickname of "Kathedersocialisten" does not mean that they are supposed to advocate the abolition of property, but that they concur with Lassalle and Karl Marx and Bebel, and other socialist chiefs, in greatly enlarging the sphere of the state in the matter of regulating industry. We ought to add that our article was suggested by and took as its text M. Laveleye's recent exposition of the German doctrines in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in proof that we have not exaggerated in describing his position, we may cite M. Baudrillart's account of it in the last number of the *Journal des Economistes*, which has reached us since last week, where he says that he (M. Laveleye) has proclaimed that "political economy, the old orthodox political economy, of the Smiths, the Sais, and the Bastiats, is dead, has closed its life, and this sentence of death appears to him perfectly legitimate." "For M. Laveleye nothing remains of the old political economy. It is an error. Its principle even is as faulty as its method. It will not do to amend it or complete it; it must be given up."

Touching the time when the new school took its rise, all doubt on that point was set at rest at the last meeting of the Société d'Economie Politique in Paris, by the statement of Herr Engel, the Director of the Prussian Bureau of Statistics, that he was himself one of its founders; that it is not protectionist, but confines itself to maintaining the right of the state to interfere in social arrangements, and that it took its rise in his Bureau at Berlin, attached to which there is a sort of college, in which young economists pursue their studies in the light of accumulated facts; and he gave as a reason why it was not more fully represented in the Parliament, that it was founded, or rather organized, after the late elections. Its notions of the functions of the state are very fully set forth by M. Laveleye. Herr Engel's story was confirmed by Professor Meitzen, of the chair of Statistics in the University of Berlin.

Coming to Professor Allen's own account of the creed of the new school, we find in it a striking illustration of the danger of trying to discuss anything by means of short quotations. Mr. Cairnes by no means rejected the doctrine of *laissez-faire* as worthless or dangerous. In the essay from which Professor Allen quotes, he is discussing the cause of the indifference or hostility of many modern reformers to political economy, and describes their conception of political economy as that of a gospel, which undertakes to show, and this only, "that wealth may be most rapidly accumulated and most fairly distributed by the simple process of leaving people to themselves," but which, if this is all it has to say, has been preached enough, and must now give way to something more fruitful. But he "denies altogether the correctness of this view of the science," and "proceeds to explode it" by showing that "the maxim of *laissez-faire* has no scientific basis, but is at best a mere handy rule of practice." He then points out how far short it has fallen of realizing the expectations which its earlier advocates entertained of its working, and what he says on this point is very sound and just, but resembles closely what might be said of the Christian religion, of universal suffrage, of popular education, and various other means, small and great, resorted to at different times by enthusiastic men for the promotion of human happiness, and what we have at various times ventured, with our foreheads in the dust, to say in these columns to the frolicsome friends of woman suffrage.

"Human beings," he says, "know and follow their interests according to their lights and dispositions, but not necessarily nor in practice always in that sense in which the interest of the individual is coincident with that of others and of the whole. It follows that there is no security that the economic phenomena of society as at present constituted will always arrange themselves in the way which is most for the common good. In other words, *laissez-faire* falls to the ground as a scientific doctrine. I say, as a scientific doctrine, for let us be careful not to overstep the limits of our argument. It is one thing to repudiate the scientific authority of *laissez-faire*, freedom of contract, and so forth; it is a totally different thing to set up the opposite principle of state control, the doctrine of paternal

government. For my part, I accept neither the one doctrine nor the other, and, as a practical rule, I hold *laissez-faire* to be incomparably the safer guide. Only let us remember that it is a practical rule, and not a doctrine of science, a rule in the main sound, but, like most other sound practical rules, liable to numerous exceptions."

We here see that citing him a little more fully puts a very different complexion on Mr. Cairnes's position, and there could hardly be a more thoroughgoing declaration than this of hostility to the aims and methods of the historical school. There is nothing in his works to warrant the extravagant assertion of Adolf Held "that the prevailing system is wholly worthless for the explanation of the recent social problems." This is just like the wild talk heard at the Professorial Convention two years ago, and we feel very confident that neither Mr. Mill nor Mr. Cairnes would have adopted Professor Schmoller's account of the economical function of selfishness, "that it resembles the steam in the steam-engine"—that is, that it is a blind, brute, destructive force, unless from the moment of its generation it is confined in a powerful cylinder and managed by a lever and valves. This view of it is one which may find reception in Prussian military circles, but we doubt if any English or American economist could be got to entertain it as a basis for economical deduction. To him selfishness is not and cannot be separated, for the purposes of economical discussion, from the social instinct in man. The consideration of it, as Professor Schmoller describes it, as a naked force, belongs to criminal jurisprudence, not to political economy, and the phenomena it produces are theft and fraud, not production and exchange.

Professor Cairnes's definition of political economy, which is very clear, disposes, too, very effectually of the great German discovery that every country is hereafter to have a "political economy of its own," suited to the character and habits of the people. He points out that political economy is a science, in the same sense in which "astronomy, dynamics, chemistry, and physiology are sciences." It deals with the phenomena of wealth, but does not undertake to show people how to get rich. Astronomy explains the laws which govern the courses of the stars, and dynamics the laws of motion; but the one does not teach navigation, nor the other mechanics. What an economist is occupied with is the explanation of the phenomena of wealth—that is, the phenomena attendant on the activity of man in society in procuring the means of enjoyment. The "bottom fact" of his science is not *laissez-faire*, but the constant, universal, and immemorial desire of man to acquire and possess property, which exists in all countries, and has existed in all ages, and produced thieves and pirates first, and then merchants and manufacturers. The existence of this is his fundamental assumption, just as the uniformity of nature is the fundamental assumption of the astronomer or chemist. Of course this desire works under different conditions in different countries, or, in other words, the phenomena of wealth are different, and the subjects of economical investigation, therefore, are different in different parts of the world; but the science does not change when it crosses the sea any more than the dynamics relied on by an engineer making a railroad in a highly cultivated district in England, would differ from the dynamics relied on by an engineer making a railroad in a Louisiana swamp. The fact is that the "Realists" are making a great outcry about nothing. They have made no important discovery, but they may do a great deal of mischief by strengthening and diffusing amongst the vast mass of ignorant and unreflecting men who are now coming into possession of political power all over the world, the notion that wonderful changes may be effected in the conditions of human existence by the vigorous use of governmental machinery. It is here that, we verily believe, the weak spot of our modern civilization is to be found—the seat of the disease which may one day bring the race back to the barbarism from which it emerged, for the theory might fatally weaken that reliance on individual character through which human progress has been mainly made. Considering the difficulties which have attended this progress for ten thousand years, and must for ever attend it,

one can hardly refrain from smiling when told by social philosophers that *laissez-faire* has been tried for half a century, and the poor and unhappy are still numerous.—ED. NATION.]

THE DUNCAN AND SHERMAN FAILURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR : Knowing full well that subscribing for and admiring your paper confers not the slightest right to attempt influencing in any manner your editorial opinion, yet I do believe and confidently expect you to coincide that in the recent failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co., of your city, you have hitherto conspicuously neglected the finest opportunity that has ever occurred on this planet of emphasizing the command, "Thou shalt not steal." I have taken great interest, and the pleasure it gave me has been a sufficient reward, in commending to my orthodox friends your manly and fearless exposure of financial, political, and religious frauds, in contrast with the moral cowardice of the pulpit and religious press upon those subjects.

My friends now ask me for an explanation of your marked silence upon and exemption from condemnation of this most atrocious fraud of all; and I have none to give. As a Californian, I hope you will not permit so fine an opportunity to pass of contrasting the life and, under the circumstances, manly death of Wm. C. Ralston with the head of the house referred to, who, knowingly, for years lived ostentatiously upon money not his own, and yet continues to cling to life with the proverbial tenacity of those who "do the state some service" in our penal institutions.

Yours respectfully,

J. R. WILSON.

PITTSBURGH, September 6, 1875.

[We have received several letters like the above. Some of them we have answered privately, but this begins to be tiresome. We will now say, once for all, that, in the first place, the proprietors of this paper are creditors of Messrs. Duncan & Sherman, for a small amount, it is true, but still for a sufficient amount to make it improper that we should harangue the public on the moral aspects of their failure. In the second place, there has been nothing in the practice of the *Nation* with regard to such cases to make it singular that we should now refrain from extended comment. We are not Commissioners in Bankruptcy. We have no machinery for overhauling bankrupt estates, and make no pretence of passing on the rights and wrongs of the principal failures of the day, unless they become the subjects of judicial investigation. To undertake anything of the kind would be ridiculous. We have commented, it is true, in severe terms on several commercial disasters, but simply because they had some bearing on public affairs; on Jay Cooke's, because he had been made the Government banker, by a jobbing transaction, and had sold large quantities of worthless securities through fraudulent connivance with a portion of the religious press; on Clews's, because he had also been made Government banker in place of the Barings, through another job; on General Frémont's Texan railroad bonds, because the French courts had sentenced him to five years' imprisonment for swindling; on the Emma Mine fraud, because the American Minister in London had played the part of a stool-pigeon in it. But we do not keep an eye generally on the bankers and trustees of the country, to see that they do their duty; we do not examine their assets or their books, when they fail, to see whether they have been reckless or fraudulent. Cases of failure of course might occur the interest in which would be so great and their consequences so serious—such, for instance, as Overend & Gurney's in England—that they would properly and necessarily become topics of newspaper discussion; but we doubt whether we should have taken any such view of the Duncan & Sherman case, even if we had not been disqualified for preaching on it by personal interest.—ED. NATION.]

TOO MUCH IN EARNEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR : I wish to call your attention to an article in the 531st number of the *Nation*, page 142, Sept. 2, 1875, in reference to the Georgia insurrection. I know nothing about this insurrection except from the accounts of it I have

read in the paper; I take, and I have certainly not seen in any of them anything concerning it that in any way justifies or excuses the language of the article referred to. The charge of Judge Johnson to the grand jury, which contains, as you say, the evidence of the "black-hearted villainy" of the South, seems to me to be a very proper one, and was no doubt delivered in all sincerity. I have been a subscriber to the *Nation* about three years, and have endeavored to enlarge its circulation in this section by recommending it to my friends, believing it calculated to accomplish much good, particularly among the educated and better-informed class of our people. I had been induced so to think from the ability, statesmanship, and morality its pages have hitherto displayed, and I feel disappointed and mortified at the littleness, injustice, and malignity the article referred to evinces. If the circumstances of this insurrection have been magnified or misrepresented, show your readers wherein. Give us the facts, and be certain that in the statements you make you state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The article referred to, as its animus evinces, is based on suspicion and malignity, without any evidence whatever to support its assertions or to justify its language. I believe it to be a slander. I judge of the condition of the people of Georgia by what I know of the condition of our people here where I reside. I shall feel constrained to regard the article referred to as a slander until you show to the contrary. If you are neither willing to verify its correctness or to endeavor to counteract the mischief it may do, I wish you to erase my name from the list of your subscribers. I will receive it no longer under such circumstances. I was before the war an Old-Line Whig. I have always been, first and last and all the time, a Union man, but have never voted with the Republican party. I always endeavor to judge and act correctly, and I belong to a class much more numerous in the South than many of you people of the North seem to suppose. If you will visit this section, you will be perhaps surprised at the hospitality, patriotism, and forbearance of our Southern "banditti," and I think I can convince you we neither fear to be "observed" nor think it "necessary to dissemble." I will show you what we do fear, and I feel persuaded you would return to your Northern home a wiser if not a better man.

I am respectfully yours, etc.,

WM. G. WILLIAMS.

RODNEY, M. pt. 13, 1875.

[The above is one of the comic results of a paragraph which we fondly imagined that any regular reader of the *Nation* at least, of average intelligence and moderate capacity for joking, would perceive to be ironical. We presumed, in fact, that this would be so plain to anybody who knew what our position about the South had been for the last two years, that we struck out in the proof, as too broad, a closing line which expressed the opinion that Judge Johnson had gone home, after the trial, and supped on a negro baby. We now begin to think, however, that if we had left this in, so far from exciting the suspicion of Southern editors as to the real nature of the paragraph, it would have increased their fury, and led them to vindicate Judge Johnson against the charge of cannibalism. As it is, we have had a half-hour of hearty enjoyment in reading some of their articles. The *Georgia Daily Times* ascribes our account of the trial to the bitter memory of Bull Run retained by "the hospital rat" who wrote it, and who, he supposes, still writhes when he thinks of his long run into Washington with "the Black Horse Cavalry" at his heels. It actually puts into italics the *Nation's* assertion that "the black-hearted villainy of the South comes out very plainly in Judge Johnson's charge," which was followed immediately in our columns by a description of the charge, showing it to be, in our opinion, a model of its kind:

"He begins," we say, "by telling the Grand Jury that he has been advised of a 'plot of insurrection,' and has ordered a full investigation into all the circumstances. He then gives legal definition of insurrection and attempts to incite insurrection, cautioning the jury not to be guided by suspicion, rumor, or hearsay. He warns them, too, against exaggerating the enormity of the crime, or allowing any consideration of color to affect their minds, reminding them that they must 'ignore the fact that the accused are negroes' or 'that they were ever slaves.'"

It has been maintained that there are men who are completely devoid of humor, a view which we have never shared; but a few more experiences of this kind would shake our confidence, particularly as a tribe called Weddahs has lately, it is said, been discovered in Ceylon, who never laugh, and do not know what a joke means any

more than a horse—showing, if the story be true, that this sense does not necessarily enter into what may be called the human element in man's nature.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

ROBERTS BROS., Boston, have nearly ready the fourth volume of Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' series, to be called 'Eight Cousins'; also, a translation from the French of 'Madame Récamier and her Friends'; 'The Ship in the Desert,' a poem by Joaquin Miller; and Hamerton's 'Round My House' and 'Etching and Etchers.'—Lockwood, Brooks & Co. publish next month 'An American in Iceland,' by Prof. Samuel Kneeland, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The millennial celebration of August, 1874, is described, and there are notes on the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands.—Hurd & Houghton announce 'Japanese Art,' by James Jackson Jarves; and 'Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country,' by Horace E. Scudder—a child's book.—Harper & Bros. announce 'Select Dialogues of Plato,' in English; 'The Catskill Fairies,' by Virginia W. Johnson; and 'John Todd,' an autobiography, edited by John E. Todd.—D. Appleton & Co. will republish Darwin's 'Climbing Plants and their Habits.'—'Forty Years in the Turkish Empire,' being memoirs of the late Rev. William Goodell, D.D., is in the press of Robert Carter & Bros.—Macmillan & Co.'s list includes the 'Austrian Arctic Expedition,' by Lieutenant Payer; the complete poems of Christina Rossetti; and the 'Makers of Florence,' by Mrs. Oliphant.—Nelson & Phillips will publish 'Summer Days on the Hudson,' by Daniel Wise, D.D.; and 'North Pole Voyages' (American), from the second Grinnell Expedition to that of the *Polaris*, by the Rev. J. A. Mulge.—'American Literature,' by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Scribner, Armstrong & Co. publish during the coming season 'Impressions of London Social Life,' by E. S. Nadal; Dr. Holland's completed story of 'Sevenoaks'; two new volumes of the Bric-à-brac Series—'Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Others,' and 'Constable and Gillies'; a poem, 'The New Day,' by Richard Watson Gilder; and—what will be good news for the young folks—an entirely new and illustrated edition of 'Hans Brinker,' and a new volume by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, 'Tales out of School,' a companion to his delightful 'Roundabout Rambles.' Among the foreign reprints of this house we note Vol. IV. of 'Chips from a German Workshop'; 'Babylonia,' by George Smith; Jules Verne's 'Mysterious Island'; and Louis Rousset's 'India and its Native Princes,' an expensively printed and illustrated book of travel.—Sheldon & Co. publish 'Memoirs of Dr. Eliphalet Nott,' by Prof. Tayler Lewis; and 'History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy,' by Prof. Joseph Haven.

—"T. B." writes us from Rochester: "Possibly the subjoined advertisement may have some interest as a contribution to the enquiry touching honorary degrees, suggested in one of your latest numbers. It is cut from the *Architect* (London), in which it has stood, with some changes of form, but the same in its fragrant substance, for some months past":

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.—Architects, Engineers, Builders, and other Scientific Gentlemen desirous of obtaining a learned degree in Honoris Causa from a Foreign University, should communicate with "Melicus," 46 King Street, Jersey, England.

The explanation of this, however, has just appeared in the *London Times*, and reveals not German but American swindling. "Melicus," on being applied to by a Mr. Sparkes (who suspected fraud) for a prospectus, offered to procure him the degree of Ph.D. from the "American University of Philadelphia," and, as he was a B.A. already, to throw in the M.A. "without any increase in the charges. The total cost of a promotion, *in absentia*, is £20, inclusive of a handsome diploma and certificate of registration." The institution in question, which aimed to be confounded with the University of Pennsylvania, had its charter revoked for these practices some years ago.

—The *Geographical Magazine* for September contains a large colored map of Paraguay, compiled by Keith Johnston during his recent visit to that country. Mr. Johnston accompanies it with the first part of an account of his journeys between the Paraguay and Paraná Rivers. His descriptions of the natural scenery make a pleasant impression on the mind of the reader, but this is offset by the suggestions (rather than pictures) of the desolation caused by the war in all the towns and settlements of the Dominion of Lopez. The depopulation sometimes amounts to extinction, and such have been the vicissitudes of the country that an affix *-cuié* (as in Casalcuié, Ramocuié, etc.), signifying abandoned, indicates places either now or at some time utterly deserted. El Carnam, near the Paraná, which, twenty years ago, had an estimated population of 1,000, now has but two habit

able houses, and counts but eleven people. Close by it, on the river, Encarnacion, founded in 1614, and once a leading *reduccion* of the Jesuit missions, was well filled before the war, but most of the inhabitants have crossed the river into Argentine territory, and only about a dozen houses continue to be occupied. Even more melancholy was the lapse, due to a different cause, of a German colony planted near Jaguaron, not far from Asuncion. It lay in the midst of a dense forest, and "the conspicuous numbers along the path marking the lots of forest to be cleared are now almost the only signs of the colony remaining; but two or three indefatigable Teutons have, at a prodigious expenditure of labor, cleared little plots of ground in this wilderness, and live there in spite of all difficulties." These difficulties are the heavy timber, for which there is no market, and a total absence of water. In company with the Brazilio-Paraguayan boundary commission, Mr. Johnston arrived at the last camp of Lopez, in the northeastern corner of the state, and he concludes his paper with this mournful image, which reminds one of the camp of Varus visited by Germanicus:

"The site of the camp . . . is still strewn with the undisturbed wreck of everything that belonged to it: carts, broken guns, and camp-furniture of every sort, with numbers of skeletons, lie scattered round. The sufferings of this last remnant of the Paraguayan army may be realized in following the track between this camp and the former one of Panadero, for under every shade-tree along it are the untouched bones of men who have lain down to die of wounds, weariness, or starvation."

—We hope the Agricultural Bureau is watching the experiment of *Eucalyptus globulus* plantations in this country. Its northern limit is a question of great interest and importance, and cannot be solved, doubtless, for a number of years. The tree does remarkably well in California, and we know of its having been set out extensively in Arkansas. So rapid is its growth that possibly as timber it may be found more profitable to raise than grains or fruit, even if not allowed to attain its full growth; while its medicinal properties are doubtless as efficacious in its shrub-like condition as at a riper stage of development. At the same time that the blue-gum is being tested, experiments should also be made of other species of the eucalyptus, especially as they are known to be harder than the more familiar *E. globulus*. Signor Branchi, formerly Italian vice-consul at Melbourne, mentions several in a letter to the *Florence Nazione* (July 10). He had seen in Australia, and especially in Tasmania, eucalypti growing on the highest mountains, on which the snow lasts for months in the spring. Naturally they were of a shorter growth than their giant brethren, but live they could and did. Enquiry of Baron von Mueller, director of the Botanic Garden at Melbourne, resulted in the naming of an abundant variety—*coriacea*, *alpina*, *coccifera*, *verniceosa*, *urnigera*, *stricta*, etc.—which endure the frost and flourish up to 1,500 metres above the sea-level. Mueller believed it possible to make them at home on the lowest slopes of the Alps. The rage for the blue-gum, however, has caused it alone to be an ordinary article of commerce, the other species being very costly and hard to procure; and Signor Branchi recommends his countrymen to send out a special collector to Australia and Tasmania to save expense. With its facilities, our Agricultural Bureau might certainly obtain the supply needed for trial in this country, and we again call its attention to the subject.

—A New Yorker, Mr. James Bruyn Andrews, has occupied himself while abroad in preparing a grammar of the Mentonese dialect ('*Essai de Grammaire du Dialecte Mentonnais, avec quelques contes, chansons, et musique du pays.*' Nice: 1875). He states in his preface that no grammar exists for any of the patois from Marseilles to Genoa, even including the large cities. At most some vocabularies or dialectic specimens can be found. The dialect of Menton is eminently one of transition between the French and the Italian, and though it would appear to be difficult of acquisition, it can be read without much difficulty by any one familiar with the two languages from which it is derived. Mr. Andrews contrasts it in sundry particulars with the dialects of Nice and Genoa; it is decidedly less Genoese than that of Monaco. Its range is confined to the canton of Menton, where it varies but little from that spoken in the town itself. It certainly offers a very interesting study in comparative philology. The Latin original occasionally asserts itself somewhat unexpectedly, as in the diminutives *fremeneta* (*frema*, femme, woman), and *omenet* (*ome*, homme, man), where the lost *n* of *feminam* and *hominem* reappears; and in *nova* and *nove*, feminine singular and plural of *nou* (sing. and plur.), *novus*, new. Sometimes the vocables go in pairs, between which the choice is indifferent, as (from the Italian) *en giue*, and (from the French) *en garson*, a young man. Mr. Andrews gives a considerable vocabulary of the commonest names, a list of conversational phrases, and several pages of compositions in prose and verse. Those in prose are absurdly amusing; to some of the songs Mr.

Andrews has added the music, and it is pretty enough. The weather-sayings of the Mentonese have the piquancy which they are apt to have among all peoples. Thus, of April it is said: "Abri a trenta giorn, e se piogghessa trenta en, no faria ma a rusen" (April has thirty days; and if it should rain for thirty-one nobody would be the worse for it); and of September: "A volp voe che Setembre aughessa 366 giorn" (Reynard would be glad if September had 366 days). Mr. Andrews has been so unfortunate with his printers that one cannot help thinking that the typographic art in Menton must be in the same transition state as the dialect.

—The Benedictine Abbey of St. Blasien, in the Baden part of the Black Forest, was formerly rich in manuscript treasures. When the French were harrying the country in the early part of this century, most of the manuscripts were carried away from the abbey for security by the monks, and taken to the monastery of St. Paul, near Klagenfurt, in Carinthia. What manuscripts there were left in St. Blasien probably found their way to the Court and State Library at Carlsruhe. We are glad to learn from a German correspondent that there is a chance of ascertaining, with some considerable degree of precision, just what manuscripts there were in St. Blasien. Dr. Alfred Holder is now ransacking the library of St. Paul in search of manuscripts, and particularly of catalogues of manuscripts. Dr. Holder's sagacity and his skill in palaeography make it certain that if there is a clue to anything valuable in the library of St. Paul he will get hold of it.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES.*

II.

THE second volume of Mr. Bancroft's work relates to the civilized nations of aboriginal America, and the field traversed by it has all the interest of the broader field belonging to the wild tribes, and the additional interest which is found in dealing with that remarkable phenomenon, an independent and isolated "civilization." Of the eight hundred pages which the volume contains, there are only seven or eight in fine type, and these are devoted to an interesting attempt to trace the etymology of the names of the civilized peoples. There are many pages literally packed with references and titles (*c. g.*, p. 501), but these are in the form of foot-notes. All the rest is "plain sailing," and amidst scenery which ought to allure and gratify any intelligent reader. To many, we doubt not, the book will be as a doorway opening toward a new and unheard-of world.

Amongst the great topics of study reserved for the present and succeeding ages, the extinct civilizations of the past occupy a prominent place. Under the guidance of archaeology and linguistics, scholars have approached anew the old civilizations of Rome and Greece, to find them teeming with fresh and suggestive facts, and have penetrated through the crust of ages to the still older civilizations of Egypt and Assyria, to find there still other facts to surprise and instruct this conceited modern world. Not a little attention has also been given to the ancient social life of India, China, and Japan; and now the time seems to have fully arrived for a more thorough study of the aboriginal civilizations of America. Ever since the discovery, they have received more or less attention, and we must not forget how much thought and time such authors as Humboldt and Gallatin and Prescott have devoted to them. But it is within a few years past, in such writings as those of Mr. E. G. Squier on Central America and Peru, and those of the late Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg (to whom, by the way, Mr. Bancroft is at once just and generous, on p. 780), and Mr. Herbert Spencer's second volume of *Descriptive Sociology*, that these grand developments of American power receive any comprehensive scientific treatment. The volume now under review, to which the fourth (on architectural remains) will be supplementary, constitutes the most substantial and valuable addition to the literature of this subject which the present generation has been permitted to welcome from the press. Until the fourth and fifth volumes are before us, we cannot fairly estimate Mr. Bancroft's work in this special department; but, looking at the present volume in the light of the author's announced design "to present these people as they were," we take pleasure in recognizing the largeness of his knowledge, his very vigorous grasp of the whole subject, and his skill in putting on record what constitutes a brilliant picture of nations which were once great but have vanished utterly.

The civilized nations are divided into two great groups, which for convenience are designated "the Nahuas and the Mayas respectively; the first representing the Aztec civilization of Mexico, and the second the Maya-Quiché civilization of Central America." The manners and customs of each of these groups are described under five separate heads; and let those who are

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. I. Wild Tribes; Vol. II. Civilized Nations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1-75. 8vo.

sceptical in reference to the greatness of the ancient American civilizations observe what topics are enumerated under each of these divisions, and what the type of life must have been which gave origin to such institutions as these:

"The first may be said to include the systems of government, the order of succession, the ceremonies of election, coronation, and anointment, the magnificence, power, and manner of life of their kings, court-forms and observances, the royal palaces and gardens. The second comprises the social system: the classes of nobles, gentry, plebeians, and slaves; taxation, tenure, and distribution of lands; vassalage and feudal service; the inner life of the people, their family and private relations, such as marriage, divorce, and education of youth; other matters, such as their dress, food, games, feasts and dances, knowledge of medicine, and manner of burial. The third division includes their system of war, their relations with foreign powers, their warriors and orders of knighthood, their treatment of prisoners of war, and their weapons. The fourth division embraces their system of trade and commerce, the community of merchants, their sciences, arts, and manufactures. The fifth and last considers their judiciary, law courts, and legal officials" (pp. 124, 125).

Is it true, then, that the nations which fell so swiftly before the swords of the Spanish invaders had developed so high an order of life as this—that they had so elaborate a system of government, a social life so rigidly stratified, relations so important with foreign powers, trade and commerce, manufactures, arts and sciences, and a judiciary—to say nothing of their religious ritual and their architectural achievements? "It is my sincere desire," says our author in answer to all such questions, "to present these people as they were, not to make them as I would have them, nor to romance at the expense of truth. . . . Truth and accuracy are the principal aim, and these are never sacrificed to graphic style or glowing fiction" (p. 124).

After a preliminary "general view," five hundred pages are devoted to the Nahua nations, and a hundred and seventy-five pages to the Mayas. The chapters in which the various topics are treated are full of interesting writing, but of course we cannot follow the author in his long journey, or even mention the subjects which seem to us specially deserving of attention. As compared with Prescott, Mr. Bancroft has the advantage of a wider knowledge of authorities; as compared with the Abbé Brasseur, he has the advantage of a steadier judgment and a keener scientific sense; and in consequence, although possessing less artistic feeling and literary skill than either of these authors, his work is more complete and trustworthy than theirs, and therefore more satisfactory to the conscientious reader. We should be glad, if we had room, to make some extended quotations, showing the author's descriptive power and his skill in analysis and combination; but we can only refer in a general way to the account of the inauguration of the Mexican kings (in chap. iii.), the description of the royal palaces (chap. iv.), of the city of Mexico and the great temple (chap. xviii.), of the public festivals (chap. ix.), and, for those whose tastes are political and sociological, to the account of castes, land-tenure, etc. (in chap. vi.), of their commerce (chap. xii.), of their war-customs (chap. xiii.), and of their laws and law-courts (chap. xiv.) Not less interesting are the accounts of their arts and manufactures, of their elaborate calendar, of their picture-writing, and of their eloquence and poetry. To many it will convey a quite new impression in regard to the hated Indian race to read such a passage as this:

"Love of flowers was a passion with the Aztecs, and they bestowed great care upon the cultivation of gardens. The finest and largest of these were at Iztapalapan and Huastepac. The garden at Iztapalapan was divided into four squares, each traversed by shaded walks, meandering among fruit-trees, blossoming hedges, and borders of sweet herbs. In the centre of the garden was an immense reservoir of hewn stone, four hundred paces square, and fed by navigable canals. A tiled pavement, wide enough for four persons walking abreast, surrounded the reservoir, and at intervals steps led down to the water, upon the surface of which innumerable water-fowl sported. A large pavilion, with halls and corridors, overlooked the grounds" (p. 575).

And how strange it will seem to some of our readers to find that even the boarding-school life of these ancient "barbarians" was so much like that of to-day in our American cities and villages:

"Annexed to the temples were large buildings used as seminaries for girls. The maidens who were educated in them were principally the daughters of lords and princes. They were presided over by matrons or vestal priestesses brought up in the temple, who watched over those committed to their care with great vigilance. Day and night the exterior of the building was strictly guarded by old men to prevent any intercourse between the sexes from taking place; the maidens could not even leave their apartments without a guard. . . . When they went out, it was together and accompanied by the matrons; upon such occasions they were not allowed to raise their eyes, or in any way take notice of any one; any infringement of these rules was visited with severe punishment. . . . They were taught the tenets of their religion; they also learned how to make feather-work,

and to spin, and to weave mantles. . . . At night the pupils slept in large rooms in sight of the matrons, who watched them closely. The daughters of nobles, who entered the seminaries at an early age, remained there until taken away by their parents to be married" (p. 245).

In another part of the description, however, the resemblance to the boarding-schools of the present day is less obvious, for we read:

"They were obliged to be skilful and diligent in all household affairs. They were taught to speak with reverence, and to humble themselves in the presence of their elders, and to observe a modest and bashful demeanor at all times. They rose at daybreak, and whenever they showed themselves idle or rude, punishment was inflicted" (*id.*)

It will be a surprise also to many to find that this almost forgotten people produced such poetry as this, taken from an ode on the "Mutability of Life," by one of the kings of Tezcuco, which proves to have been not only an ode but a prophecy;

"And thou, O wise Prince Oyooyotzin,
Mighty monarch, and king without equal,
Rejoice in the beauty of spring-time,
Be happy while spring abides with thee;
For the day creepeth nearer and nearer
When thou shalt seek joy and not find it.

"A day when dark Fate, the destroyer,
Shall tear from thy hand the proud sceptre,
When the moon of thy glory shall lessen,
Thy pride and thy strength be diminished,
The pool from thy servants be taken,
Thy kingdom and honor go from thee.

"Ah, then, in this day of great sorrow
The lords of thy line will be mournful,
The princes of might will be downcast,
The pride of high birth will avail not;
When thou, their great Head, hast been smitten,
The pains of grim want will assail them.

"Then with bitterness will they remember
The glory and fame of thy greatness,
Thy triumphs so worthy of envy,
Until, while comparing the present
With years that are gone now for ever,
Their tears shall be more than the ocean"—(p. 495).

In treating of the Central-American nations our author adopts the same general plan, but carries it out on a much narrower scale. Not because he considers the Maya civilization less elaborate or important than the Aztec, but because the available data are much more meagre. His account of the Maya calendar, however, is very full (pp. 755-767), and this is followed by an excellent summary (with illustrations) of what is known of the Maya method of writing, and of what has been done toward deciphering the inscriptions upon the Central American ruins (pp. 767-782). But neither here nor in the "list of authorities quoted" at the beginning of the first volume is there any mention made of M. de Charencey, one of the few enthusiastic laborers on this by-path of science, and the man upon whom the mantle of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg (such as it is) seems to have fallen. Mr. Bancroft has something to say of the relations of these two civilizations—the Nahua and the Maya—to one another; but, as becomes an author who eschews theorizing, he expresses himself very guardedly. But in thus grouping the civilized peoples in two divisions, he adopts a theory in spite of himself, or, rather, he seems to take for granted what is only an unproved and unsupported hypothesis—that all the civilized nations belonged to one or the other of these two great stocks, and that there were no other independent civilizations within the broad domain which his book covers. Why may we not suppose, for instance, that the civilization of the Tarascos of Michoacan (see p. 108) was as distinct from that of the Aztecs as the latter was from that of the Mayas? and if so, why treat the two first as if they were one? It may be said in reply that a wholesale method of treatment was unavoidable; indeed, the author distinctly announces that his grouping is tentative at best; but in the detailed account of institutions and customs this fact is sometimes too much lost sight of. Mr. Bancroft expresses, with some hesitation, his belief in the existence of a Toltec epoch preceding the Aztec (p. 98), but he does what he can to break the bondage exercised over many students by the Toltec name, and especially rejects the notion that the Central-American civilization owes its origin to exiled Toltec nations, driven from their home in the Valley of Mexico by incoming barbarians from the north. He claims for the ruins of Copan and Palenque a very high antiquity and an origin entirely independent of any Toltec influence. He believes profoundly in the antiquity of ancient America, for in one place he speaks of the unwritten history of the races he is describing as "reaching back for thousands of ages," where the phrase "thousands of years" would have answered every purpose.

Mr. Bancroft's second volume—like the first—contains an elaborate introductory chapter. Its title is "Savageism and Civilization," and, as it fills eighty pages, it may almost be considered a treatise by itself. It is a dissertation on the causes and conditions of civilization, and is interesting

not only by virtue of its contents, but as showing how thoroughly the author has explored his subject, and upon how broad a basis he placed himself in his preliminary studies. Under the leadership of such thinkers as Spencer, Bagehot, Draper, and Youmans, he goes back to "primal principles," and discusses such themes as force and matter, man as a physical being, the progressional impulse in humanity, the influence of good and evil in the social organism, etc., etc. The subjective conditions of human progress are fully considered from this starting-point, that "in every living thing there is an element of continuous growth; in every aggregation of living things an element of continuous improvement"; and then the objective conditions are taken up (such as climate, the conformation of the continents, etc.), with special reference, of course, to Mexico and Central America. The theory of Buckle, that civilization is invariably the product of heat and moisture, is severely criticised, and the endeavor is made to reach a broader view. We have no serious complaint to offer of the presentation made by Mr. Bancroft of this difficult subject, but throughout his dissertation his devotion to the new evolutionary philosophy is perhaps too marked to suit the taste of orthodox readers.

It was our intention to speak of the bibliography—containing the names of twelve hundred authors—prefixed to the first volume, if only to express surprise at some of the omissions we have observed in running the eye over it. But we must hasten to a close, saying a word or two in conclusion in regard to our author's style. One virtue he possesses in a high degree—perhaps we should say in excess, when we consider that he writes for a promiscuous public—namely, great plainness of speech. There are certainly a good many passages which anxious mothers would hesitate to lay before the eyes of their children. But this plainness of speech is partly the offspring of that straightforward and business-like method which characterizes all the author's work. There is very little of ornament and not a single circumlocution in these sixteen hundred pages, but on every page we find the impress of an earnest and busy thinker, who in all his utterances aims straight at the mark. He is not sufficiently dominated by the æsthetic sense, so that he glides far too easily into newspaper English, and occasionally is guilty of a grammatical blunder; but upon the whole his style is good, because it is so well fitted for his purpose. We intended to specify a few of the solecisms and instances of cheap rhetoric which disfigure these elaborate volumes, but in view of their many excellences it seems a specially ungracious task to do so, and we refrain.

In leaving Mr. Bancroft's book, we desire to express explicitly our thanks for what he has done for the science of man, and especially for American ethnology and history. "Whatever their exact status in the world of nations," says our author, speaking of the Nahuas and Mayas, "they are surely entitled to their place; and a clear and comprehensive delineation of their character and condition fills a gap in the history of humanity." In the education of the future, a place will at length be given to ethnological studies, and the aboriginal condition of America will then occupy more than a few preliminary pages in our historical text-books. The American people, although the offspring of the Old World, will learn to take delight in New-World history, and, although heirs of the Christian civilization of the Orient, they will turn with quickened interest to the vanished civilizations of the West. For the change which must eventually come, the present work will do much to prepare the way.

NEW NOVELS.*

IN attempting to make a romance of the tolerably familiar biography of Angelica Kaufmann, Miss Thackeray's touch seems to us to have lost its usual fineness. The story is a pretty one in itself, but Miss Thackeray has not succeeded in giving it either the vividness or the coherence that we look for in a novel. It is part of her skill, generally, to remind the reader, lightly, of certain tones, certain half-tones, in the style of the author of 'The Newcomes'; but in so far as 'Miss Angel' suggests in any degree the minor graces of Thackeray's style, it suggests them to its disadvantage. Miss Thackeray emulates her father here, not perhaps in his most successful, but at least in his most difficult attempts. When he put Addison, Steele, Swift, Washington, Johnson, upon the stage, he was not at his best; but never, perhaps, was there more reason to notice the charm of a style which could carry off even a failure. Miss Thackeray deals with several persons registered in history not long since, but she has not made their images more lifelike than she found them. They strike us as rather pale and tame, and they are embedded in much discursive allusion, of a sentimental sort, in which a certain falsetto note has not always been evaded. Miss Thackeray is decidedly a writer, and she often phrases things in a very

charming fashion, but she occasionally suffers herself to fall into a certain rhetorical amateurishness. An example of this presents itself in the opening lines of the book, where she tells us that Angelica's "little head is charmingly set upon its frame." What is the *frame* of a head? The analogy that the word suggests strikes us as imperfect. Miss Thackeray is very fond of description, but her descriptions are often fatally unbusinesslike. There is a general flashing and glowing and streaming and melting, but in the midst of it all rarely a definite image. If Nature, with Miss Thackeray, is meant to be merely incidental and parenthetical, we have rather too much of her; if she is meant to be important and essential, she is too vague and desultory. The author of 'Miss Angel' has grace, humor, warmth, literary feeling, but she tells her tale too much by mere allusions.

There are doubtless now living many well-informed people who have never heard of Mrs. Oliphant, but we can assure them that Mrs. Oliphant and her writings are among the most extraordinary literary phenomena of the day. This lady's fertility has long been a familiar source of amazement to us; she turns off, if we are not mistaken, her half-dozen works a year. The most singular part of it is that they are very good; it is not mere speed; it is speed and safety too. You open 'Whiteladies'—the latest, we were going to say, but we will by no means answer for that—you read half-a-dozen pages, and you feel like laying down the book. You see what it is—fiction by the square yard; its portentous prolixity tells you that. The author is writing so fast that she has no time to choose; she must take everything that comes. Mrs. Oliphant takes everything, and tells a very long story, but the stream of improvisation is so well under her control and flows in so clear a current that she is able to offer us a very fair average brilliancy. You feel at the end of your half-dozen pages that you know the mechanism, and declare that you don't want machine-made entertainment; that this sort of thing can possibly have no illusion. But your eye wanders further; it skims and skips; and presently you find you are mildly interested. You go from one chapter to another, you turn the pages, the even current bears you along, and at the end of an hour you are actually reading 'Whiteladies.' You can have done both better and worse—worse, certainly, vastly worse, if you pick up a novel of the day at hazard. Practice makes perfect; Mrs. Oliphant has prodigious fertility and fluency, and, considering the quantity, the quality is quite remarkable. 'Whiteladies' is the story of an old country-house of Henry VII.'s time, and of the surreptitious attempt of an amiable spinster to introduce a false heir. False heirs in novels are a trifle stale, and old country-houses (which, it is true, are not always so prettily described as this one of Mrs. Oliphant's) have not the glamor they once possessed; but there was some novelty in the idea of making a comfortable elderly lady of the type of Miss Susan Austin perpetrator of a serious penal offence. We would not have had her pay the full penalty of her indiscretion, but we cannot help thinking that something more interesting in a dramatic way might have been made to come of it than her confession, as it is here related, and her placid tea-drinking life afterwards. 'Whiteladies' strikes us as having been written from page to page, without a plan, and we imagine that when Mrs. Oliphant began to relate Miss Susan's fraud she had very little idea whether she would make it a tragedy or a comedy. The drawback of this inexpensive improvisation has been that her pages are filled with persons whom she is quite at a loss how to dispose of, at the same time that, although prettily enough sketched, they are not as mere portraits sufficiently entertaining to justify themselves. The whole story moves in the Austin family, some of whom it has been the author's fancy to make Belgian shopkeepers, and some others French gentlefolk. We incline to believe that, if she had allowed herself time to think, she would not have created this complexity of foreign races. It is very well and very picturesque that the baby whom Miss Austin attempts to smuggle into the family should be Belgian, but we do not see what was gained by making the rightful heir two-thirds a Frenchman. His sister is the youthful heroine of the tale, but it is hard to imagine a heroine whose position should be more of a sinecure. Of course, at the worst, Mrs. Oliphant can marry her, but this, under the circumstances, is a scanty service. Why, too, should Giovanna, Miss Austin's accomplice, who pretends to be the mother of this interpolated baby, be three-quarters an Italian? The colors in Giovanna's portrait strike us as very much mixed, and all this imbroglio of nationalities seems decidedly arbitrary. The book is clever and readable, however, and decidedly superior to most current novels by female hands. Mrs. Oliphant can write English, though she has some rather foolish mannerisms, and her style conveys a suggestion of a greater general intellectual force than is now usually thought requisite for prosperous novel-writing. But she constantly gives us an impression that she might do better if she would suffer her ideas to ripen. We may be

* 'Miss Angel.' By Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper & Bros. 1875.

'Whiteladies.' By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

wrong, however, and this diffuse, superficial, occasionally slipshod Mrs. Oliphant may be, on the whole, the best Mrs. Oliphant possible. We confess, however, that as we read we were conscious of the importunity of two alternating questions: Is this a writer capable of finer things, jaded and demoralized by incessant production? or is it a writer in whom inspiration naturally flows thin, who has thoroughly learnt the trick of the trade, and who, in grinding out a smooth, tame, respectable novel, is simply fulfilling her ideal? We gave it up, as the phrase is, but the problem in its way was interesting, and it helped us through 'Whiteladies.'

The author of 'Wynecote' has much less practice and facility, but we are by no means sure that there is not more illusion in her simple and shrewd little narrative than in the clever amplitude of the tale we have just noticed. 'Wynecote' is, indeed, a very pleasing little novel; it is what young girls call an extremely pretty story. It looks like no great things at first (especially when one finds Mrs. Erskine getting the simplest Italian words quite wrong—she has brought her people as tourists to Rome), but as the reader goes on he finds humor and a neat and graceful style, and discrimination of character, and, in a quiet way, considerable art. 'Wynecote' is also the history of an old country-house, with which the fortunes of various persons are more or less entertainingly connected. English novelists are greatly to be envied with their easy abundance of historic manors and legendary halls. Americans are apt to feel that if they only had such material they would make no vulgar use of it. Mrs. Erskine's heroine is a young girl who has been brought from Rome, where she was the much-tried daughter of a blind and starving old English artist, to officiate as companion to an ancient lady, under the eye of the latter's daughter, a strenuous old maid of charitable pursuits and a romantic history. Miss Camilla, the old maid, is extremely good, and the author has happily commingled in her composition the disagreeable and the sympathetic. There are various other persons, especially a certain Lydia Ashton, a young lady who "goes in" for the highest æsthetic culture, and who, if she lived in New York or Boston, would be a representative of Morris wall-papers and eccentric dadas. She is very well done, her companions are lightly but happily touched, and the story, albeit rather tame, is agreeably and naturally unfolded. It has a compactness and symmetry which denote an artistic instinct, and it is, in a very good sense of the term, a ladylike book.

Mrs. Jenkin has done very much better things than 'Within an Acre,' and we are quite at loss to explain the genesis of this incongruous tale. It treats of a gentleman in Edinburgh who has taken a young girl named "Cattie" to live with him as a daughter. He has several other daughters, one in especial named Tottie, whose conversation consists exclusively in feeble and ill-timed conundrums. To these young ladies comes a French Count, and forthwith proposes to marry Cattie. We had expected, from the début, a quiet tale of life in Edinburgh from the point of view of the author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' but we are speedily transported to France, and to the most illustrious society (the French Count's mother, for instance, is near of kin to a reigning sovereign), and entangled among Cattie's matrimonial vicissitudes. We do not profess to have understood them or to have obtained the slightest inkling of Mrs. Jenkin's purpose, moral or dramatic. French counts in English novels are generally very loose fellows, and the ladies who marry them are not to be envied. Mrs. Jenkin apparently has had a wish to rehabilitate an injured race, and she has made her Count the victim of his Scotch wife's naughtiness. Cattie pouts and sulks, distresses her husband, and disgusts the reader. The latter has no clue to her moods, and, to tell the truth, he takes but a languid interest in the tale. He has never got over his surprise at finding that the household in Edinburgh, and Tottie's conundrums, and the enmity borne to Cattie by a certain ill-conditioned Uncle Dan, are all a mere blind alley, leading nowhither, and that he is launched into a pale simulacrum of the usual French novel of matrimonial impropriety. Not that there is any impropriety here: Mrs. Jenkin, to account for Cattie's vapors, hasn't given her the shadow of a lover. She has only given her a pernicious friend, a certain Mme. d'Aiguillon, who treats her to all manner of wicked counsel. There is no knowing, however, what Cattie might have done in consequence, if the story had not suddenly terminated. Mrs. Jenkin relates all this incoherent stuff with a vivacity and assurance worthy of a better cause.

The general difference between English and French novels is that the former are obviously addressed in a great measure to young unmarried women, and that the latter directly count them out. The strength of each species, we think, lies on the whole in their adhering to this natural divi-

sion. M. André Theuriet apparently thinks otherwise. He has written a novel which (we suppose) a *demoiselle* may read, but which, in spite of its having originally come out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, will not be found remunerative by sterner minds. A French novel pitched in the English key is apt both to forfeit its characteristic charms and to miss the homelier graces of our own school. This has been the fortune of M. Theuriet, who has not succeeded any more than several cleverer Frenchmen before him in drawing a tolerable portrait of that familiar figure in English fiction, the young girl who combines liberty with modesty. M. Theuriet, like his predecessors, loses no time in telling us that this and that and the other point in his heroine's carriage and conversation were very "chaste." From the moment that we have to be assured and reminded of this circumstance, the illusion, for ourselves, is gone. We had no idea that that thing of pernicious possibilities, a "French novel," could be so flat and pointless as 'Le Mariage de Gérard.'

M. Gustave Droz, after being for several years the most brilliant of the younger French story-tellers, has passed into an unaccountable eclipse. With 'Les Etangs' he only partly emerges from it; for if the story is more readable than the one which preceded it (the inconceivable 'Femme Gênante'), it owes this merit to its not really being a story. The author has laid his hand upon some curious old letters, and he publishes them in a slender fictitious setting. Or are the letters, too, possibly an invention of his own? In this case, 'Les Etangs' would be very clever, and yet be still very inferior to the works which made its author's fame.

The first fifty pages of 'Mr. Smith' tempt the reader to believe that Jane Austen has found a rival, or at least a very successful imitator. As the story advances, this impression fades away; though the reader is still entertained, he lowers his expectations. Miss Austen, in her best novels, is interesting to the last page; the tissue of her narrative is always close and firm, and though she is minute and analytical, she is never prolix or redundant. In being twice too long, 'Mr. Smith' only incurs the same reproach as nine-tenths of the clever novels of the day. The author has undertaken to report in full every sentence of every conversation that took place in a certain village and its neighborhood during a certain winter when Mr. Smith came to take up his abode there and put the marriageable young ladies into a flutter. Her pages contain an inordinate amount of talk; at least half of it might be spared. Half, however, is excellent for humor and observation; it is just the talk which would have taken place in those particular circumstances. The "sensational" novel has been greatly denounced, but the English fiction of our day has certainly gone very far in the portrayal of quiet life. 'Mr. Smith,' it seems to us, marks the uttermost limit, and in reading this volume we have wondered not a little at the skill which could throw such homely incidents into so entertaining a light. The skill is for the most part in the writer's humor—humor of a gentle, circumspect, feminine order, but, such as it is, very alert and abundant. Mr. Smith is a rich old bachelor who comes to make himself a home in a genteel village, and the story relates the matrimonial campaign of four or five more or less desperate spinsters. This is a familiar situation, but the author makes us smile at it afresh. Indeed, looking at things critically, we feel tempted to accuse her of making us smile too much. The state of mind of young girls like the Misses Tolleton and the Misses Hunt is half-pitiable and half-contemptible, and Miss Walford seems to us to have gone quite astray in attempting, toward the close of her tale, to inspire us with a sympathetic interest in a heroine whose baser nature she has so satirically exposed as that of Helen Tolleton. This young person baits her hook for Mr. Smith more artfully than her rivals, and fairly lands her prize. But just after being accepted, Mr. Smith, who remains throughout the book a rather impalpable shadow, dies abruptly of a mysterious malady, and this manœuvring maid is brought to confusion. Here, on all grounds, the story should have ended. But it has contained one other marriageable man, and he is promptly handed over to Miss Tolleton in compensation for her loss. This surely is rather vulgar morality—for morality it pretends to be. Be very mercenary, we infer, be cold and hypocritical and snobbish, and all things, at the end, will be well with you. 'Mr. Smith' will possibly be even more entertaining to American readers than to English, but the former will ask themselves a few independent questions. Is the matrimonial market in England really so "tight" as Miss Walford would have us believe, and is the business of procuring a husband carried on with such explicit frankness? Do well-conditioned young girls, like the Misses Tolleton, discuss their own private enterprises in this line with the

'Wynecote.' By Mrs. T. Erskine. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

'Within an Acre.' By Mrs. C. Jenkin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

'Le Mariage de Gérard.' Par André Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier; New York: Christern. 1875.

'Les Etangs.' Par Gustave Droz. Paris: Hetzel; New York: Christern. 1875.

'Mr. Smith.' By L. B. Walford. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

crudity—the brutality, we might almost say—observable in the conversations here recorded? If this is the case, 'Mr. Smith' is more than entertaining; it is really valuable. We should not forget to commend the portrait of Mrs. Hunt, the doctor's wife, and another of two unremunerative

daughters whom Mr. Smith does not marry. She is drawn with a quite masterly acuteness, and we would retain all *her* conversation verbatim. We decidedly recommend the book as it stands, but the author will do still better if she makes a point of compression.

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